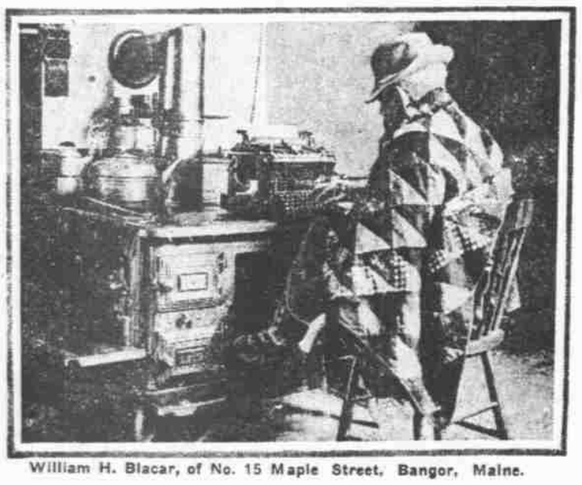
The Washington Times
THE NATIONAL DAILY
ARTHUR BRISBANE, Editor and Owner
EDGAR D. SHAW, Publisher
Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at Washington, D. C.

Published Every Evening (Including Sundays) by the Washington Times Company, Munsey Building, Pennsylvania Ave.
Mail Subscriptions: 1 year (Inc. Sundays), $7.00; 3 Months, $1.75; 1 month, 60c

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1918

A Little American Home

And A Very Little American Fire.



William H. Blacar, of No. 15 Maple Street, Bangor, Maine.

This is a picture of an American citizen.

You can see at a glance what is the matter with Mr. Blacar—the same thing is the matter with millions of other Americans.

If the Government had taken over the railroads twenty years ago, as it should have done, this gentleman of Bangor, Me., would not now be shivering, with his feet in the oven. The money earned by the railroads would show in proper equipment instead of being taken out to build racing stables for private individuals in France or large comfortable yachts for other private individuals at home.

Moral—Let this citizen get thoroughly warm at least once a day, in church or theater. Note the typewriter on the stove.

This Is Thrift Week For the Nation

And Every Individual Should Be a War Stamp Collector.

The War Savings Stamp idea is bigger than any amount of money.

This country can raise a hundred billions if necessary, and then another **HUNDRED THOUSAND MILLIONS** of dollars.

One single State in the Union could pay that bill.

The War Savings Stamps that you will buy this week—**TODAY**—for yourself and for your children is not mere money, but patriotic power.

There is not in this nation one human being out of the insane asylum that has any excuse for failure to buy war stamps.

Every American, the old, soon to die, children just born to future opportunity, should own at least the beginning of a war stamp collection.

Buying war stamps means "**THREE CHEERS FOR THE UNITED STATES.**" Cheer for your country.

War stamps are democratic. If you buy only a dollar's worth, or twenty-five cents' worth, and can afford no more, you have done your duty.

Nobody can afford to buy **NONE**.

If you knew that war would end tomorrow you would hurry out to buy some stamps that you might say, if only to yourself, "I had a finger in it, anyhow."

You own your war stamp and say to yourself, "That represents a couple of cartridges, or the sharp point of a bayonet, or the good, hot soup that some American soldier is eating in a cold, damp trench."

WAR is a great fire that destroys.

If the house next yours, filled with women and children, were burning, you would be ashamed to say at the end of the excitement, "I did not carry even one pail of water to help put it out. I just stood around and looked sympathetic."

The man who does not buy war stamps and **TALK** war stamps just stands around and looks sympathetic. War needs action, not sympathy—be **ACTIVE**.

Buy war stamps today and tomorrow and every day this week, if you can buy only one each time.

Carry **YOUR** bucket of water to the fire

There are all kinds of thrift.

Buying a good book with your last dollar is thrift.

Burning your furniture to make furnace experiments, as the great French inventor did, is thrift.

Mortgaging your home or your business to send your children to school is thrift.

But the greatest of all thrift is that which invests money, little sums if it must, big if it can, in the dignity, glory, and success of this nation.

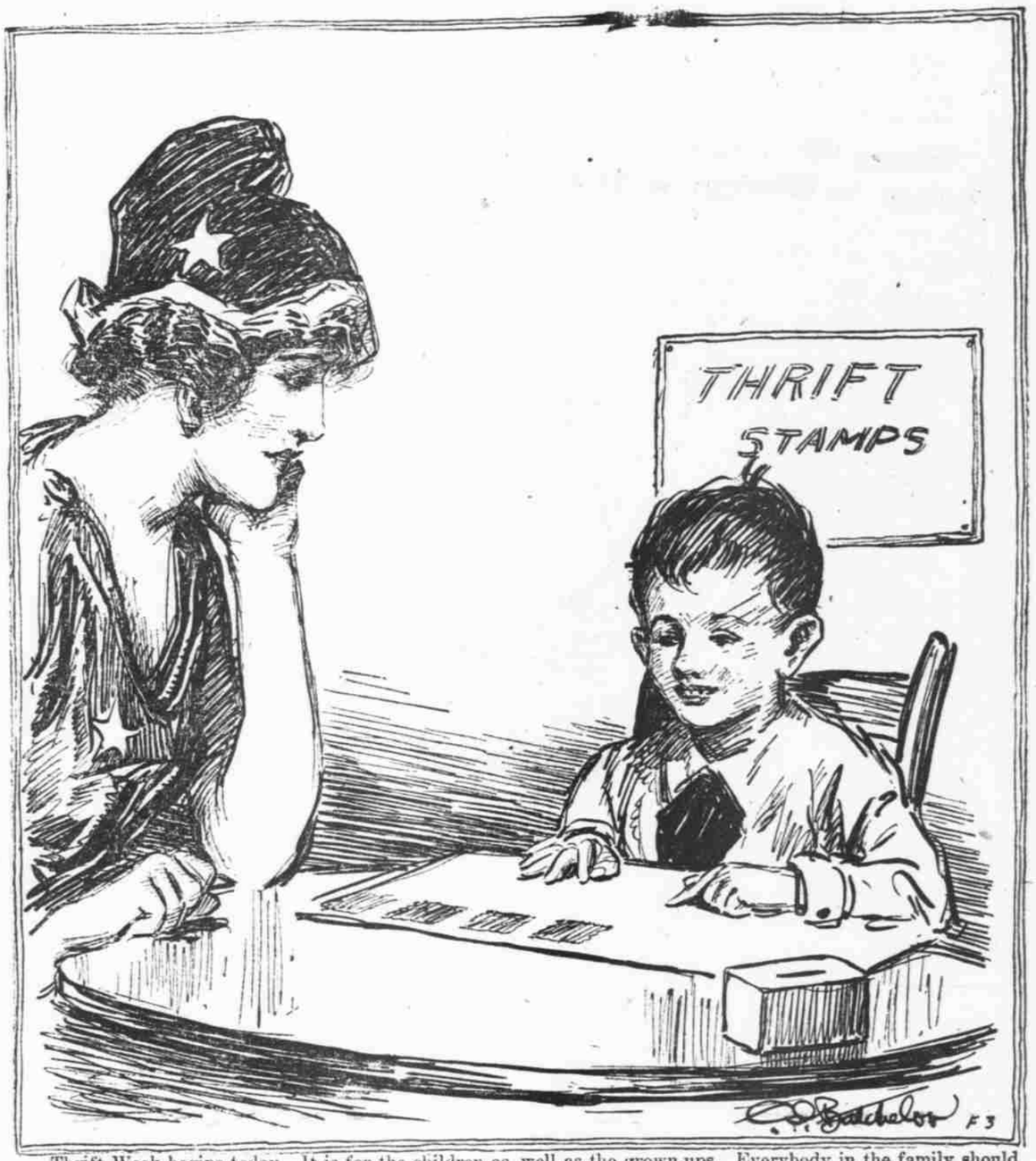
A healthy hand attached to a diseased body is not worth much.

The nation is the body, the citizens are the hands, the fingers.

Cure the body first, use your money to fight the war.

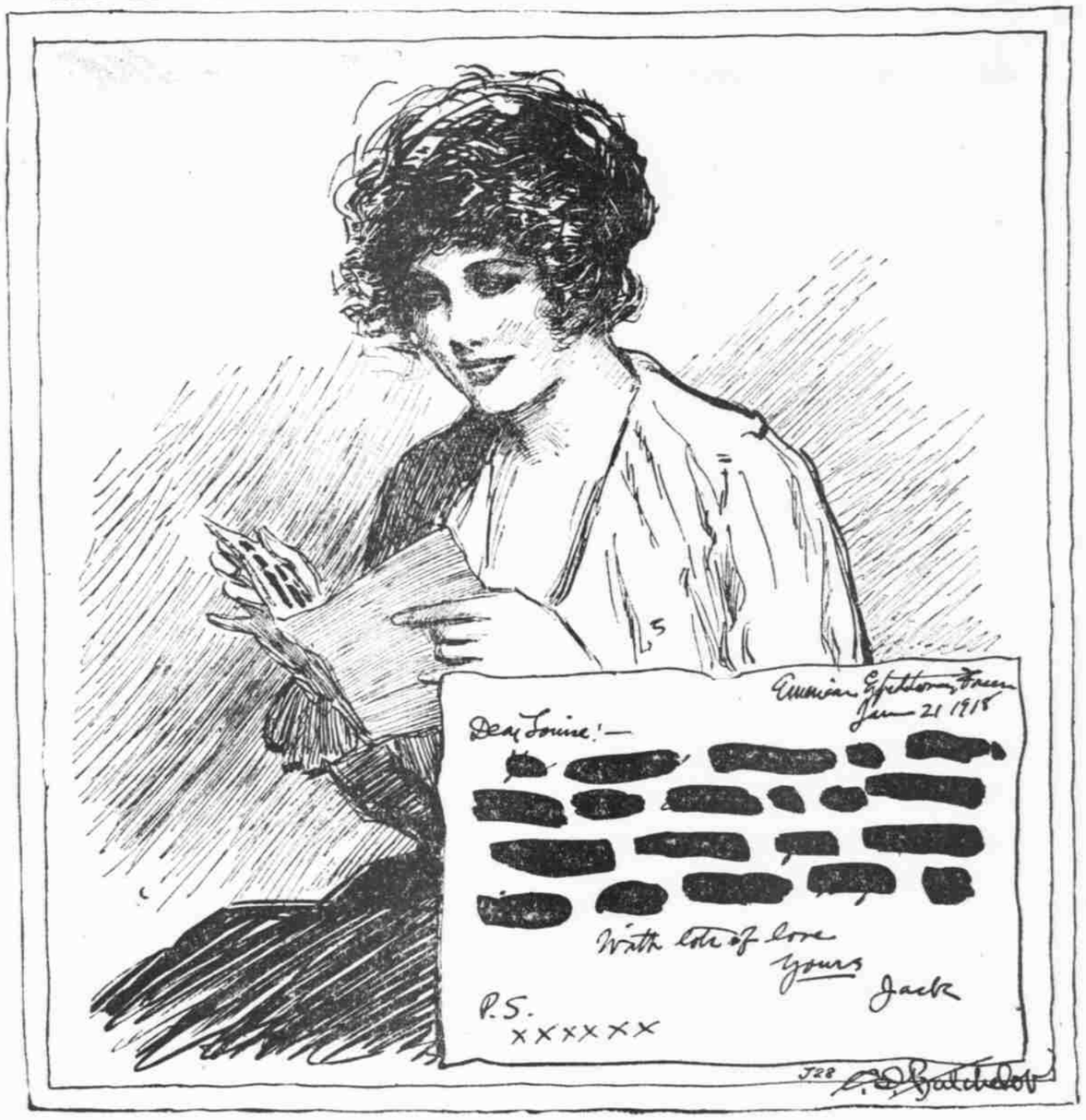
Make the body well, and all the rest will prosper.

A Young Man After Her Own Heart



Thrift Week begins today. It is for the children as well as the grown-ups. Everybody in the family should do his or her share in buying war stamps. The merchants of the city are keenly active in promoting this week's sales of the savings stamps and almost any store you visit has them for sale. Buy one today. Buy more tomorrow.

He is in the Trenches But Can't Tell Her So



Washington Street Car Manners

Rush of Business Seems to Have Relegated Courtesy to the Scrap Heap.

By EARL GODWIN.

There was once a time when no man in Washington would sit in a street car while a woman stood. But that was a long time ago. In those days we had considerable more space. A happy inspiration of the Public Utilities Commission gave us seven theoretical square feet apiece for each passenger, and all went as happy as a marriage bell.

Now comes a crush and a rush, and instead of "Have my seat, madame," it is "Devil take the hindmost." Men rush into cars and grab seats and keep them. Unless a woman is the equal of a man in strength and agility she is quite likely to stand up all the way home. In many a car you can count as many men sitting as there are women standing. It reminds me of Germany, where men elbow women about as if they were sacks of meal.

Has Washington fallen into a state of piggish selfishness? Has our famous courtesy proven to be only tinsel after all? Or have our manners naturally tarnished through close association with certain street car lines? If you are a man on a street car, look up as you reach this point and give your seat to a woman if there is one standing in the car.

HEARD AND SEEN

TYLER PAGE says that No. 5 fire engine house has distinguished itself again. The boys have built opposite this famous old structure a snow fort fifteen feet high, surmounted by the sign:

"Here lies the Kaiser."

Two girls were walking by the engine house and read the sign.

"Honest to Gawd!" one of them exclaimed, "I wish the Kaiser was buried there!"

No. 5 engine house used to be the Georgetown city hall in the days when the people of the National Capital had a vote like other Americans.

SUPERINTENDENT BAKER of the Zoo has plenty of coal. This will keep the buildings warm for the rattlesnake, the anaconda, and the iguana. The United States is looking out for the rattlesnake fairly well this winter. Wish the Government would look with the same favor on the entire National Capital and keep some of those frequent promises to deliver coal. Washington is the main war shop and is quite as important as the rattlesnake cage at the Zoo.

SUNSHINE MARY came to see me; as I told you yesterday.

Here is what she said; her own words:

"I want to thank you for the article you wrote about me. I didn't see it, but a lady told me about it and gave me five dollars.

"Then so many other people spoke to me about it that I wondered if us newspaper people could not get together and do something for BLIND MARY?"

"Who is she?" I asked.

"She is an old colored woman, who was born in slave times. She sells papers at Seventeenth and H streets when she is well. She is totally blind and some one has to lead her to her place.

"But now she is sick, and lays alone all day long in a house in an alley. Her address is Number One, Alexander place, which is the alley between L and M streets, on Twentieth street northwest. Her son works in the market all day and does what he can, but she is blind and sick and old and lonely."

SUNSHINE MARY came all the way from Fifteenth and G streets to The Times office, lugging her papers with her to tell me of this old blind woman sick and lonely. Did I not name her rightly. SUNSHINE MARY? And, oh! I nearly forgot. SUNSHINE MARY has divided the five dollars "the lady gave her." Divided it with Blind Mary. What are YOU going to do?

All Mothers Know How To Wire a Son on Duty

By Winifred Black.

THE slim little woman in the plain little dress stood at the counter of the telegraph office in the big hotel.

She had written her telegram and she was counting the words—and while she counted she winked very fast to keep back the tears.

"What is it she writes?" I thought. "A message of ill news? A congratulation?"—for I knew, as every one else knows who has seen much of the strange mixture of joy and sorrow we call living, that there are joys that make us weep and sorrows that make us smile.

"One, two three," she counted, using her pencil to point out the words, and then she passed the telegram over the counter.

"How much?" she said.

The telegraph operator began to read—he got on very well until about the eleventh or twelfth word and then he stopped, puzzled.

"What's this meant to be?" growled the operator.

The little woman in the plain dress threw up her head. She looked at the telegram—her color rose.

"That word," she said, in a calm, clear voice, "is 'darling.'"

The telegraph operator's face twisted in a sardonic smile and he read on. "And this?" he said.

"That," said the little woman, bravely, "is 'good night.'"

"Here's some more," said the telegraph operator with the face of a patient martyr. "You'll have to translate this."

The Boy She Raised.

The little woman grew an inch taller and her lip stopped trembling. She looked the operator straight in the face, and her eyes were very large and clear, and so bright that they were almost alarming.

"This," she said, 'is 'God bless you.'"

"Um!" said the telegraph operator. "One dollar and seventy-five, please."

The little woman threw down a five-dollar bill with the air of a princess distributing largesse, and turned, and we walked away together, for I knew that I knew her the minute I saw her throw up her head and look embarrassed, and proud and happy, and heart-stricken all at the same minute—and she told me about the telegram.

It was written and sent to her nephew, the boy in the Klondike—her boy, the one she loved and had fairly brought up herself.

A delicate boy he was and fanciful, and she was always so anxious to do the very best that could be done for him.

She sent him to school and she read with him and she talked things over with him. And when he went away to the frozen North to try to dig a fortune out of the snow she cried and cried and would not be comforted. And, oh, how she watched for his letters, and how she learned them by heart, and how she worried over them, and now winter had set in, and she felt that he ought to come home, but there was his draft number—he must see about having that transferred, so she went to the proper authorities and found out all about it, and telegraphed him what to do and how to do it, and told him to catch the next boat home.

And she had an answer and the answer said

"Draft number not needed. Have enlisted engineer corps. Sailing tomorrow to join battalion at training camp. Good night."

The telegram she sent was an answer to that, and the boy she loved had grown over night to a man—and she was afraid for him and proud of him and happy and miserable and her heart beat so she could hardly speak. When the boat comes down she'll be at that wharf to met it if it arrives at 3 o'clock in the morning, and she won't take care of her boy when he lands—he'll take care of her.

Living His Own Life.

How many such telegrams are going out of this country by day message and by night message, by day letter and by night letter—right now!

How many women are suddenly waking up to find that the boy they've been so worried about is perfectly able to take care of himself, and eager and anxious to do it!

How many fathers have suddenly waked up to the fact that son is living his own life, dreaming his own dreams and willing, if need be, to die his own death without being helped or advised, or encouraged or discouraged, even by his own folks at home?

The telegraph office has something a little sacred about it these days, it seems to me.